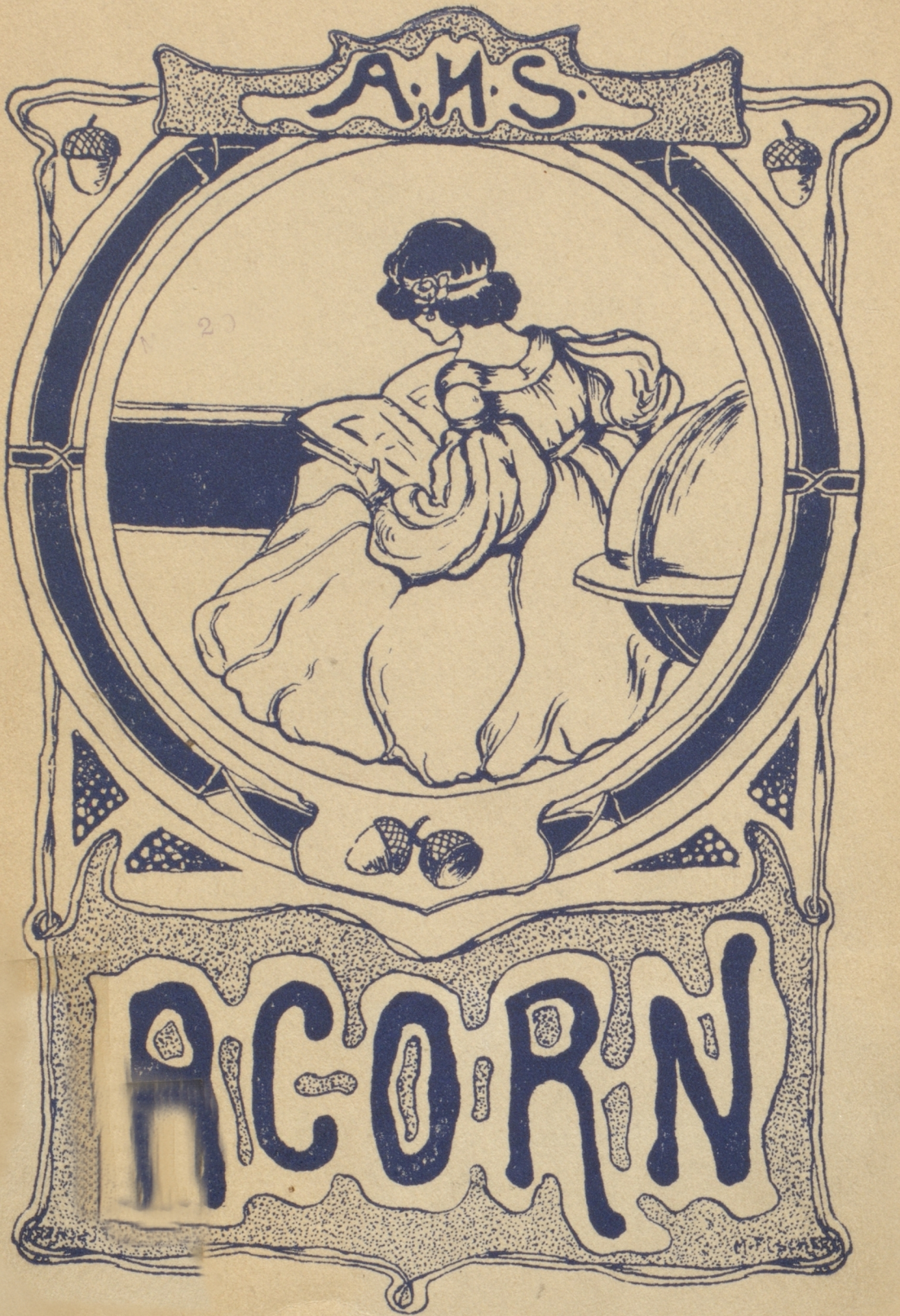
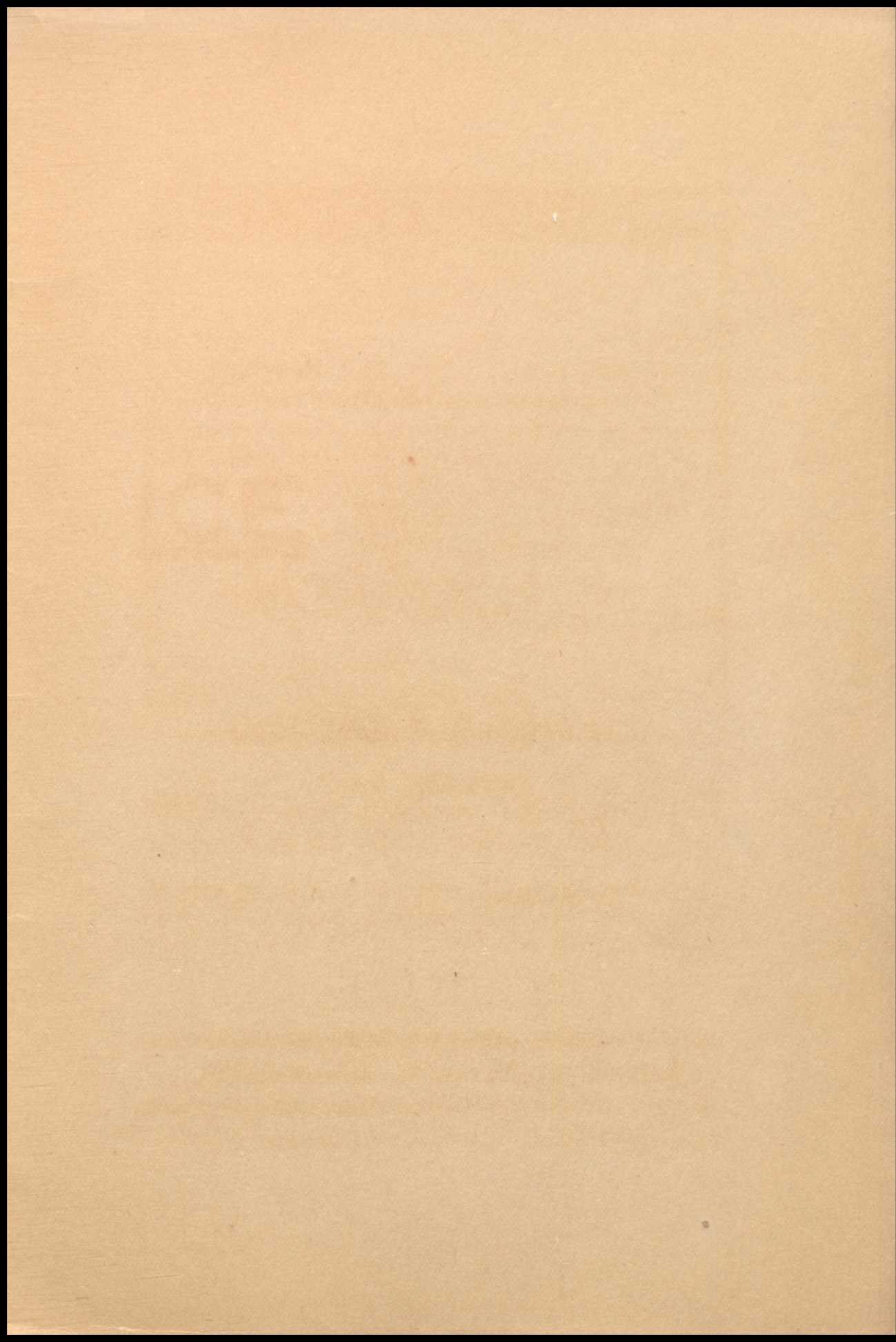






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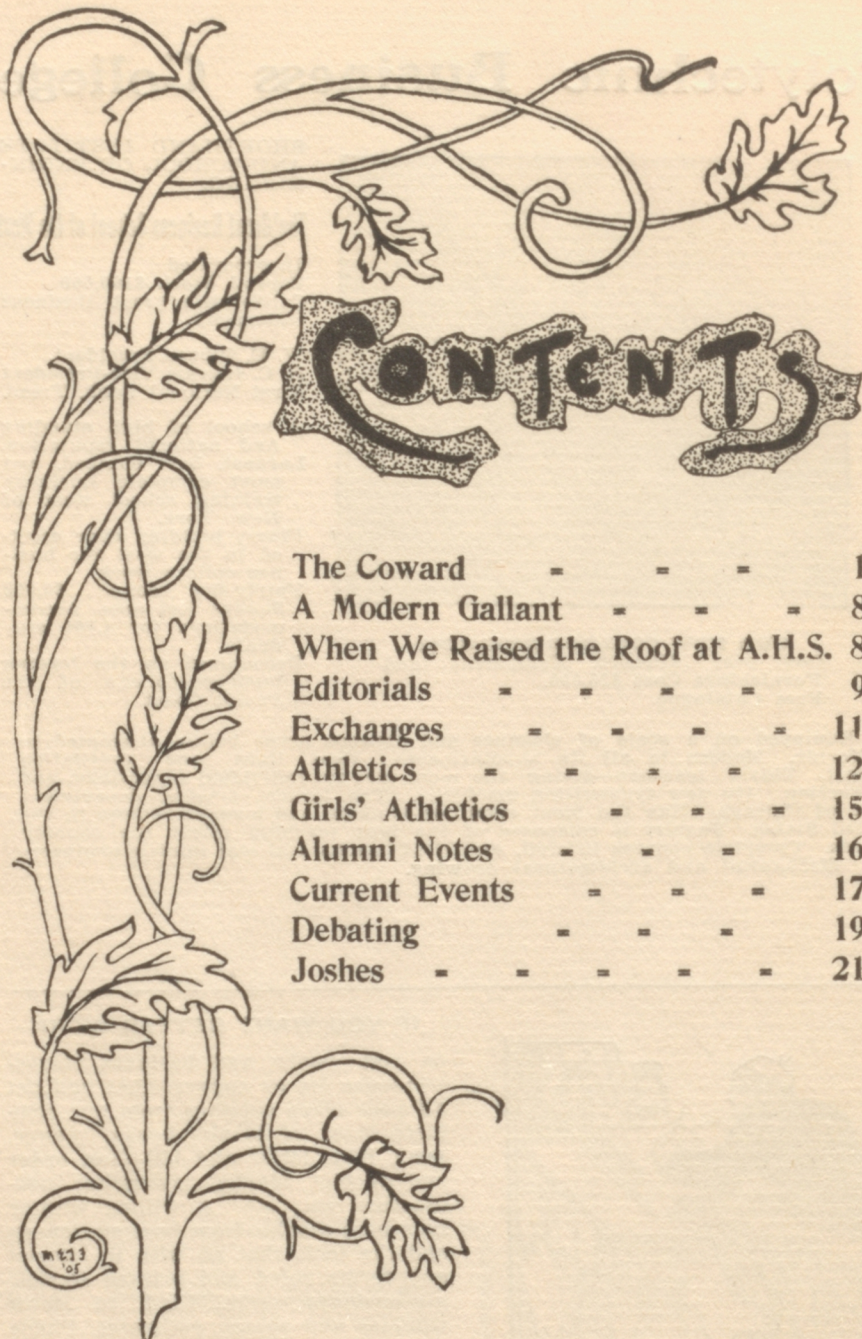


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Palma Non Sine Pulvere

VOL. X. ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL, FEBRUARY 1906 No. 1

THE COWARD

"The boy's a thief, I say!"

The speaker, a tall young boy of sixteen or seventeen, stood beside the open fire place, scowling down at the glowing logs. Now he turned to his father with a sudden gesture, his eyes hot and angry beneath the contracted brows, a vicious snarl on his lips. "A little snivelling cowardly sneak, that's what I say!" He brought his fist down on the mantel shelf. "Oh, I know you'd stand up for him; but now the evidence is all against him, even you'll have to admit that. And see here—this isn't the first time—What about Company "G's" silver cup?—where'd that disappear to? You don't know? Well, I do! There's only one person the men suspected, then as now—that's Tim!"

"That has never been proved, Will," interrupted his father sharply, and with such a keen, straight glance, that the boy's eyes fell in spite of himself and he felt the color rise in his cheeks.

"Anyway, he's a coward, I'll stick to that," he muttered savagely, and turned again to the fire.

"I'll have this matter settled once for all," said the captain, rising and looking steadily at his son, "if Tim didn't take the six-shooter, he'll have a chance to prove it here and now; if he still persists in evading the subject—well, he'll leave the fort, that's all."

The boy by the fire started involuntarily and caught his breath as if to speak, then as he met his father's eyes he flung back his head angrily as if it mattered little to him, though his face was white.

The colonel stepped to the door. "Orderly, hunt up Tim and tell him to report to me at once, here."

"I'll give the lad a chance to clear himself," he muttered, as he walked back to his chair and again seated himself. Then he closed his eyes, and mentally a picture of Tim rose before him—little, lonely, homeless Tim. He remembered that day he had wandered into the fort and asked for a job—the soldiers had taken him in and kept him ever since—a daredevil with horses and a splendid shot—the men had loved him most of all for that, all except his son, Will. And then

came the day when Company "G's" big silver loving cup had disappeared—no one knew where—and the mystery had never been solved, though more than one looked suspiciously on happy go lucky Tim. And now, someone, it must be someone within the fort, had stolen the captain's Colt 45 revolver, presented to him a week before by his company—a beautiful weapon, mounted in silver, and doubly dear to him, coming as it did from his own men. He recalled, also, how on the day of the presentation, Tim's eyes had lit up at sight of the revolver, for if Tim had one passion besides the love of horses, it was the love of good firearms. Every evidence pointed to the boy as the thief, who had the run of the fort, and who, strangest of all did not deny the accusations—still—

His reflections were interrupted by knock on the door, and the captain opened his eyes. If he had glanced at his son, still standing by the fire, he would have wondered not a little at his strange agitation. He stood with a white drawn face, his breath coming quickly, and his black eyes shifting nervously over the room, until at last they remained fixed on the doorway.

"Come in"—and the door opened quickly to admit the orderly followed by a boy in a ragged khaki uniform. He was a small boy, not more than fourteen, and undersized at that; his face the ordinary freckled face of a country boy: an Irish nose and a square chin, but underneath the tangled mop of hair, a pair of clear gray eyes looked out unafraid.

"Well, cap'n?" he asked at last, after the orderly had withdrawn, and the captain had not spoken.

The captain came straight to the point. "Look here, Tim," he said kindly, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, "you know what they've been saying about this past week; and you know how the matter stands. Now I want to know and have it over with if you took the six-shooter or not. I trust you, Tim, and I think you'll tell me the truth," he added, after a pause.

The boy shot a swift questioning look at the silent figure by the fire place, his whole face more full of scorn than hate, then he turned to the captain almost fiercely—"Did he tell yer that I took yer gun?" he demanded. "Look here, father." Will broke in sharply, but his father cut him off with a stern "I'm running this, Will." There was a long silence, then the captain said at last, sadly, "Tim, I was afraid of this, I was afraid you wouldn't own up to it, and I'll tell you what I'll do: either the revolver will be in its place in my room by nine o'clock tonight, or else—you leave the fort." His eyes narrowed as he spoke and he looked at the boy closely.

As for Tim, he did not seem so very much surprised. He fumbled with his battered army cap a few moments in silence, seeming to hesitate; then he flung back his head in the old defiant, daredevil way he had when first he drifted into the garrison, and although he could not look his captain in the eyes, his voice was steady enough as he answered, "All right, cap'n, I guess I'd better leave the fort." Then he turned and walked out without another word, not even glancing in the direction of the cowering figure by the fire.

When the door had closed behind him the captain drew a deep breath and turned to his son, a hard look in his eyes.

"You're right, Will," he said, "the boy's a coward." And Will breathed a sigh of relief.

* * * * *

Three months had passed since that day in early October when Tim had walked out of Fort Rucker with bitterness and hate in his heart; had walked down out of the foothills and into the plains, and away off to the little Arizona mining camp of Pearce, thirty miles away. For three months he had hung around saloons and billiard rooms, idle, for his story had followed him, and no one wanted a thief, much less a "coward" to do odd jobs for them. Round-up season was over, winter had come with its biting wind and snow; there was no place for Tim in Pearce. Occasionally cow punchers drifted into town from winter work on the range and Tim earned a quarter now and then, for looking after their broncos. That was all. His one pleasure was to go over to the Ross stock farm, about a mile out of town, and leaning over the paddock gate, watch the fine thoroughbred horses exercised by the stablemen. Mr. Ross was a wealthy New York man who had started a stock farm on the rich pasture land of Southern Arizona for the purpose of raising thoroughbred horses for Eastern tracks.

It was late one afternoon of Christmas Eve, and bitter cold outside, but within the Lone Star saloon all was warmth and boisterous merriment. A crowd of cow punchers were assembled around the various tables, laughing uproariously at their own jokes and drinking each light-hearted cow-boy element, there were rough characters here, among others one particularly brutal faced hunter and trapper, known as Big Tom, who had been several times in jail for stirring up Indian insurrections, and was even now suspected of being in league with a warlike tribe of Apaches, whose raids on Fort Rucker and lonely ranches were the terror of the whole country. More than one massacre had occurred under his leadership—for those were troublesome times in Arizona before the government stepped in and controlled affairs.

Just now Big Tom was becoming very confidential, having imbibed quite a good deal more whisky than was good for him. For some time past he had been hinting darkly of Indian uprisings, and now urged on by the clamorous cow punchers, all of whom were more or less in the same condition as himself, he disclosed a dark plot.

The Apaches had gathered in a stronghold in the mountains and on this night were coming down in full force on Fort Rucker, knowing well through Big Tom that but a scant dozen of the men were holding the Fort at present—the rest having been sent north to quell another uprising.

During this recital no one had noticed Tim, who had crept shivering, in through a back door and taken his place behind the stove, from whence he listened with wide, frightened, eyes.

"Too late t' save 'em now, boys!" roared Big Tom, "nothin' on earth can save 'em now, and I get my share of the booty, yo bet, after the whole affair's hushed up—with no one the wiser!" and the cow

punchers swore hilariously with him, too drunk to realize or care. But Tim, with a white, scared face, slipped out behind the bar, and with a fast beating heart took the road to the Ross stock farm, his determination to save the fort and the captain he loved strengthening every movement.

The stable door was locked, but he knew a trick with the window, and in a few moments he had dropped to the floor on the inside, breathless, and was fumbling with shaking hands at the catch which opened the door of Mowitza's box stall—Mowitza, the great bay thoroughbred, that had carried off scores of trophy cups and purses.

The big horse snorted and laid back his ears until he heard Tim's voice and felt Tim's quick hands run down his neck with the steady stroke he knew, and then the loose end of a rope was thrown around his neck and he was led out to be bridled, his blanket whipped off, and a light Mexican saddle thrown on and cinched up in a few seconds. And all the time Tim was saying to himself, "If only I can make it, oh, if only I can make it."

The stable door swung open noiselessly and Mamitza stepped out into the bitter night, eyes wide and nostrils sniffing the air nervously. In another moment Tim was up, the first time he had ever mounted a genuine racer, and he felt a thrill through his body as the big horse gathered himself together under the pressure of his knee and the touch of his hand.

Softly by the house and out the drive, and then Tim leaned far forward and with the long ends of the bridle reins he cut the horse a stinging blow across the flank. Perhaps he had forgotten he was not riding another mustang, at any rate it was the first time in all his life that Mowitza had ever been struck. For a moment he paused in sheer amazement, and then with a mighty bound was off and away across the plains, his body flying low along the ground like a dark streak against the white snow.

But this pace could not last forever, and as they neared the foothills Tim drew rein, and Mowitza settled down to a long swinging gallop.

Now they were up among the bleak pines, with the cold wind shrieking at them as they flew along, the horse's hoofs ringing and re-echoing on the frozen ground, and Mowitza's breath coming in long sighs and the foam from his wide open mouth blew back and streaked his dark sides with white. Tim, crouched low over the pommel was numb with cold. By and by, as the hours went by, he lost all sense of coldness and was almost drowsy, when out of the black woods ahead rang a shot!—and then another! and another! The gloom seemed suddenly peopled with shadowy forms and bullets rang on all sides. Tim felt a quick pain run like fire along his arm, and presently he could feel the warm blood soaking through his thin sleeve. Instinctively he crouched lower and urged Mowitza to his utmost; and spent though he was the Indian mustangs were no match for an English thoroughbred. For a time Tim's pursuers were left behind and the shots died away, but Mowitza's breath was coming in great gasps now, his legs were weak and shaky, another mile and the In-

dians were close on him again—and then, around a turn and there stood the fort!

The door was open, and standing there, dark dark against the light from within, was the captain's son, Will, and behind him the captain. Tim saw only the captain's face as Mowitza, white white with foam, staggered in; in another instant the boy was running towards the open door, his arms outstretched—and he saw the captain's son fall backwards with a cry into the lighted room, shot through the heart. At the same instant a volley rang from the fort, and Tim, safe, was home again.

* * * * *

Two hours later the soldiers were all assembled in the main room of the fort—the same room Tim had walked out of and away from the fort three months before. The Apaches had been beaten back with severe loss, and of the captain's men only a few were wounded, no one had been killed except that first one, who had fallen in the door way.

The captain's face looked white and old, but he spoke to his men as if nothing had happened, giving orders for the night. By and by he remembered and turned to Tim—but the boy was gone.

During the fight Tim had slipped upstairs to Will's room, and unlocking a cabinet had taken out a Colt, 45 revolver, beautifully mounted in silver. He thought of that day, long ago, when he had seen Will take his father's revolver from his room and lock it in his own cabinet. At first he had thought it a joke, and as the days went by he saw it was a joke indeed, but on himself, for Will had so spread the story that everyone looked on Tim as the thief. And Tim? He could not prove his innocence without incriminating Will; and that would have broken his captain's heart, to have his company know his son for a thief and a coward, and—well—it seemed easier for Tim to take the blame on himself.

Now he walked downstairs with the revolver in his hand, and straight to the captain where he stood among his men.

"I brought it back," he said gruffly, holding out the pistol but not looking up; and I want to tell you I felt pretty mean about takin' it, cap'n—" but the captain stopped him with tears in his eyes.

"You're a little too late, Tim," he said, clearing his throat, "I found out the truth some time ago, and I've only been waiting to see how long he would have played the coward. It's over now. I've lost one son to-night, but I've found another," and he held out his hand to Tim.

MARION MITHELL, '06.

A MODERN GALLANT

The electricity was already lighted as Edward Pierson came out of the big department store, having just purchased an elegant lace handkerchief for his sister's Christmas present. His purse was ten dollars lighter, but that did not matter, for he could also see his sister's radiant face on Christmas morning.

A few yards in advance of him walked a young girl, tall and slender. He forgot his sister's face to watch her grace and beauty of outline. He tried to recall where he had seen her before, and concluded that she was Miss Evelyn Parker, the one whom he had so long wished to meet. Yes, it was surely she, he knew the graceful curves of outline, the waves of black hair that could be dimly seen in the darkness. He wondered why she was out alone at this late hour, and felt it his duty to protect her.

He thought of the handkerchief; a brilliant idea came to him. He would take the lacy creation and ask her if she had dropped it. Then, well, he already saw their engagement announcement in the society column.

With one of his brightest smiles, he stepped up behind her. Holding the handkerchief in his outstretched palm, he addressed Miss Evelyn Parker.

"Pardon, me," he said, "but did you not drop your handkerchief?"

A highly respectable mulatto girl turned and glared at him. Then taking his sister's Christmas gift from his outstretched hand, she thanked him politely, and was gone before the astounded Pierson could utter a sound.

GERTRUDE BROWN, Dec., '08.

WHEN WE RAISED THE ROOF AT ALAMEDA HIGH

By Certain Low and High Seniors.

"When we were very, very small
And went to school, oh my!
'Twas then we used to raise the roof
At Alameda High.

"Things always were the same to us
For, was it wet or dry
We stirred them up and raised the roof
At Alameda High.

"And when at last we left the school
We thought we heard a sigh.
"Ah, well! No more they'll raise the roof
At Alameda High!"

So now, you Scrubs, draw near to us
And hear of days gone by.
The time we used to raise the roof
At Alameda High!"



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GERTRUDE SCUDDER '06½	Story Editor
ALAN FIELD '06	Josh Editor
RUSSELL BAKER, '06	Boys' Athletics
HELEN STROUPE, '06½	Girls' Athletics
WILL EVERTS, '06½	Boys' Reporter
KATHERINE SHARPSTEIN '06	Girls' Reporter
FRANK LAWRENCE '06	Exchanges
MABEL USINGER '06	Debating
CHARLOTTE BRUSH '07	
RUTH HOLT '08	
IDA SPENCE '06½	ART STAFF
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S. M. HASLETT, JR., '07	Assistant Manager

WELCOME !

The "Acorn," on behalf of the student body, extends a hearty welcome to the new scholars who have just entered the High School. It is to be hoped that a strong interest in school affairs will be aroused in each one of those who have come to us this year and a patriotism kindled that will last throughout their high school career. Among the faculty this year we have only one permanent change, and that in the History department, where Mr. Bartlett occupies the chair left vacant by Mr. Mansfield. Mr. Bartlett, a graduate of the University of California, has been taking post graduate work in Berkeley, but has given it up to come here. He has already won the good will of the school, and is an experienced and efficient teacher.

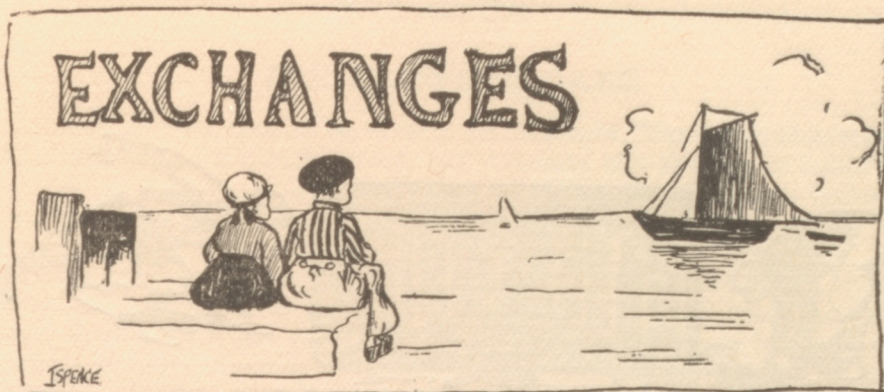
Everyone is glad to welcome Mr. Bussell back again. He has been very much missed and the esteem in which he is held by the school at large is shown by the smiling faces with which he is greeted. During his absence, his duties were fulfilled by Miss Jordan, and altho' her stay was short, it was very pleasant.

THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

By a plan introduced into the school through the thoughtfulness of Dr. Thompson, the Associated Student's meetings will hereafter be deprived of their "dryness." The plan is to call that body together once every two weeks where it will be entertained alternately by one of the classes, or some good lecturer. This will tend to relieve the somewhat declining interest in these meetings and make them objects of anticipation. The institution will promote class spirit and the feeling of competition between the classes will maintain the excellence of their entertainments. The plan is sure to be successful, as it has worked in other schools where there is no more, if as much, talent as in the Alameda High School.

THE LYCEUM

Time was when a debating tryout was the field of honor for the leading spirits of the school. The membership of the debating society was large and the role bore well-known and honored names. Every Sub. Junior hoped to debate some day for the honor of the school. The League Convention was held in Alameda and the whole High School worked to make it a success. The winner of a debating medal was looked upon with awe by the lower classmen and with pride by the upper, "But the old debaters have gone." What of it? They were of no finer mental caliber than nine tenths of the boys in the school. But these boys whose place of honor is really the rostra, try to run dashes at far below the average time and allow their school, once renowned for its forensic power, to sink into oblivion. The school has now the chance to retrieve its lost honor and glory, will you suffer it to become dishonored and shammed on the rostra by your neglect?



We see that it is quite the thing to begin an exchange column with a little sermon; not to be behind the rest, we wish to say a few preliminary words.

The exchange column is not a place for idle criticisms, or spiteful knocking. What we say here is meant to be a lesson for ourselves and for those who are criticized, so let us begin and find as few things to criticize as possible.

"The Cricket" is always up to the mark, its stories are good and is well arranged.

"The Mystery," a story written in Irish dialect, and found in the Christmas Number of the "Dictum Est," is very good. We would suggest though, that you have a few cuts.

"The Quill" of Stanford High should have some stories, fiction always a great factor in the makeup of a good paper.

"The Orange and Black" of Spokane, is a very well arranged and interesting paper.

"The Gleam" has some good material, but we suggest that each department be marked with a heading really "Gleam" that arrangement would improve you much.

We drop a hint to the Coment of Reno—don't put your ads in with your literary material, it spoils your appearance.

"The Canary and Blue" is a bright little paper—its joshes and jokes are parttally good.

The little sketch in the "Comics" entitled "The Man" is very good indeed; we all agree that your other material ranks favorably with it.

"The Arms Student" should have seperate departments for its material. The scattered hits, though, we find are good.

"The High School Sparks" is a very worthy little paper—we enjoyed your stories very much.

"Flame," if your improvement is proportional to the number of your editions, you'll be a roaring conflagration in short order.

"The Owl" of Fresno has a splendid issue for December. It contains three of the best stories we have read this season—it certainly is a "wise old owl."

We notice that the "Advocate" of New Brunswick has no exchange column. This surely must have been an oversight.



The term finds us with the material for the best baseball, track, and basket-ball teams we have ever had, but without the facilities to develop this material. We have neither athletic grounds of gymnasium. Think of it. Alameda, a city with a population of over 20,000, without an athletic field of gymnasium. In Oakland and Berkeley it is the same. The school children of these cities have no grounds they can call theirs. Our football and baseball grounds are played in San Francisco or at Idora Park on rented grounds. The University of California is gracious enough to offer its track to the High School athletics, but our men have no means to train for their big meets. Our baseball team practices on the flat marsh land two miles from the school, the track team can't train, as our old apology for a track has been taken away, and the basket-ball team has disbanded in disgust after attempting to practice in a gym not half large enough. Our athletic association has striven hard to overcome these obstacles, but not until the citizens of this city provide their children with a public playground will Alameda High be able to assume and hold her proper rank with the leaders of the athletic world.

We have six men left from last year's nine, and plenty of good material to draw from. The old men, Brush, Brooks, Hubbard, Shepard, Jenkins, and MasFarland are well-known; as to the new men, L. Randolph comes from Boone's Academy with a string of victories to his credit, unequaled by any "prep." school pitcher in the state. G. Lewis and G. Roach attended St. Mary's College last semester and there acquired reputations as ball players to be proud of. Perry, Brampton, and Burton are well-known, and any one of them may yet make the team.

The entire squad was tried out against the U. C. Dental team on February 3rd. The constant changing and shifting of players practically gave the game to our opponents, who won by 5 to 2.

On February 6th we went to Irvington and easily defeated Anderson Academy 8 to 1. Randolph pitched and was the whole game, striking out seventeen would be batters, made several assists and put-outs and allowed but three hits. Alameda scored five in the first and three in the seventh. Anderson scored in the ninth, barely saving themselves from a shut out.

THE STANFORD GAME

For the first time in its history the Stanford 'Varsity condescended to give a game to a high school, and Alameda was the one so honored. It will probably be many moons before another high school gets honored so, as the 'varsity came too close to being defeated to be pleasant.

Our boys looked like midgets beside the 'Varsity and with the score 4 to 0 against us at the end of the third it looked like a walk-over for the college nine, but right here Alameda took a brace, and got over their stage fright and began to play ball. The college batters were unable to solve Randolph's delivery, while our boys were making hits regular. In the seventh inning our batters knocked Goodall all over the lot, with the bases full the 'Varsity went to pieces and four men scored before the smoke cleared off. Four to four in the ninth inning. It was not to be Alameda's day though, and Stanford scored three times on several plays that don't come often; one ball bounced over Roach's head, allowing two of the three runs to be scored, the other man scoring on a scratch single.

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Stanford—	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	8	2
Alameda—	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	4	10	3

Batteries: Sales, Whitmore, Goodall and Stott, Randolph and Brush.

Thursday afternoon, February 8th, the boys enjoyed a little fun with Oakland High for seven innings, beating them 9 to 1. Coach Hackett took Randolph out because our fielders were not getting any practice, then took Shepard out, as Oakland failed to hit him, and sent Jenkins in to pitch. Jenkins never claimed to pitch, but Oakland didn't even get a hit off of him.

OUR COACH

"Who's that fat fellow butting in?" some fellow asked one day at baseball practice. Well, that "fat" fellow is "one" T. Hackett, who happens to be crack ball player and coach. Soft in manners, always cool and patient, he's just the mn to handle that bunch who are known as the A. H. S. ball team. Mr. Hackett catches for the Oakland League team and kindly assented to coach our team until the big League opens in April, not even asking for his traveling expenses. This stamps him at once as a man who is in the game for the love of it, and one who will instill the right spirit in our team. Mr. Hackett, we hope to be able to express our gratitude for your kindness before long.

TENNIS

The finals of the tennis tournament began last semester were played on February 8, 1906. Harry Nason and William Foster, defeating Ed. Higgins and Spencer Brush 3—6, 4—6, 6—2, 7—5, 6—4. Tournament play will soon begin to find out who will defend our colors in the A. A. L.

BASKETBALL

With five men of the last year's squad it looked as though we would have a good team, then Capt. Jackson resigned and Russ. Baker was elected to fill his place. Things went on as well as they could under the circumstances, but at last the fellows grew so disgusted with trying to practice in quarters not half large enough that they got together and decided to drop basket-ball until the new court is put in back of the school.

TRACK

All of last year's track team are in school this year, with the exception of C. Jamison, our high jumper and shot putter. This year we hope to see Alameda put out the largest and strongest team in its history. There will be four big meets. In March Stanford will hold two meets for high schools. One in the nature of a dual meet, the 'Varsity against the combined schools of the Bay County League, the second meet is for all the schools of the State, the winner to receive a beautiful silver cup, and the individual point winners gold, silver and bronze medals. After these come the B. C. L. and the A. A. L.

R. P. B., '06.

ROOS BROS.

**Kearney at Post,
San Francisco**

"Just a Whisper off Market."



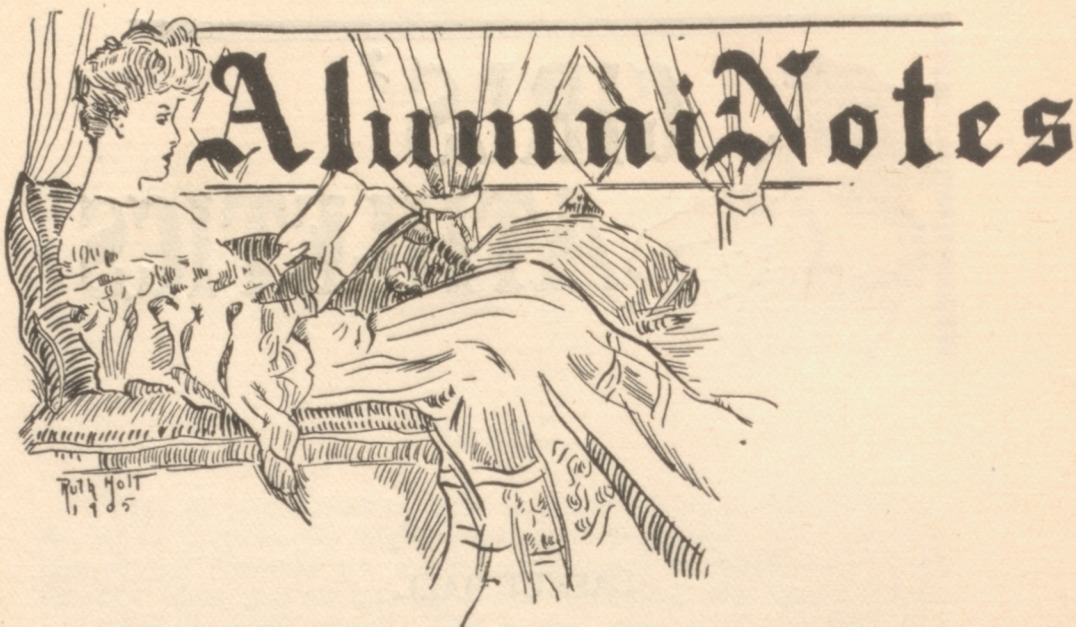
GIRLS' ATHLETICS

BASKET BALL

The outlook for the term's basket-ball is indeed promising, particularly because of that new court, soon to appear. Just to think that we now will have a suitable spot where we can receive our bloomer-clad guests, fills our hearts with joy and gladness. We sing in praise of every girl who helped raise the funds, and those are, chiefly—ourselves. But, indeed, we are very grateful to all who helped us, to the staff of the "Girls' Acorn," who most generously turned over the proceeds of that edition to the good cause; to the Board of Education, who so kindly made up the deficit, and to every boy who spent his dimes and nickels for our delicious home-made candy.

Under the new captain, Miss Schlageter, and through the efficient coaching of Miss Haworth and Miss Hewett, the girls expect to accomplish great things in the coming months. Several games are already arranged, three with San Mateo, and one with Girls' High. The first San Mateo game is scheduled for the 22nd of this month and is looked forward to with the keenest anticipation. You all know the fame of those San Mateo games and the royal good times we have. Now wouldn't that be a delightful way to spend Washington's Birthday, to take a pleasant trip to San Mateo, to say nothing of giving the girls a few rousing good cheers and a little encouragement? The rooting section of the basket-ball games generally consists of a very small number of students. Would it be possible for us to have at least the undivided support of the girls?

Although several new girls have joined the team this year, so few of last year's team are with us to share our victories (or defeats), that there is still much room for new material. There are only a few to uphold the girls' basket-ball honors in the A. H. S., and those few welcome everyone who joins them. Don't think you must come merely as a duty, girls, but just think of the pleasure one gets, and the benefit derived from a little healthful exercise. Try just one practice, and see for yourselves. Those who have recently joined certainly do not regret it. And then there are no dues!!!



ALUMNI NOTES.

Mr. E. Carleton Baker '00, has accepted the United States appointment of Vice-Council at Fu Chow.

The marriage of Miss Roberta Clay and William J. Wagner took place February 7, at Berkeley.

Miss Frances Amani '05 is at present travelling in the south, and will not assume the course at the University of California until August.

Mr. Edward Everts '03, who is attending the Academy at West Point, is again in Alameda.

Mr. Rudolph Waymire '05, has entered Berkeley.

Miss Deane Tisdale is taking a course in Kindergarten work at Oakland.

Ruby Dexter and Eleanor French are taking Post-Graduate Courses prior to entering Berkeley next August.

Miss Antonina Sundell '03, is occupied in surveying in the northern travelling in Europe, has returned to Alameda.

Mr. H. Gregg Weeks '03, is occupied in surveying in the northern part of the State.

Among those who have recently visited the High School are Ethel O'Brien '05, Hope Cortelyou '05, Josephine Keenan '05, Elsie Horton '03, Edith White '03, Douglas Parker, '05 Arthur Rader '04, Raymond Gott '04, and Frank Jackson '04.



ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

The first Associated Students' meeting was held January 15, 1906, President Brush presiding. Dr. Thompson's speech of welcome to the students was appreciated very much by all. Again this term, we had a very lengthy discussion as to how many members from each class should be on the executive committee. As the constitution is very indefinite, and parts of it, scattered, a motion was passed that the committee elected compose the Executive Committee for this term. A motion was passed that a committee be appointed, which in conjunction with Dr. Thompson and Miss Hohfeld, should frame a new constitution.

At a meeting of the "Associated Students" held January 26, 1906, the students heard the glad news of the enlarging of the stage and the procuring of suitable scenery. The students will no longer have to rent a place to present their entertainments. Bids are also out for the building of a basket-ball court.

The Low Senior Class will give the first of the Friday afternoon entertainments, about the middle of February. It is an original farce, written by Helen Stroupe, Ida Spence, and Adele Ehrenberg. It promises to be very funny and contains many joshes on the students and faculty.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS

June, '06 has organized for its finale term. Frank Lawrence is President; Helen White, Vice-Pres; May Bissell, Sec.; Ted Lynch, Treas.

The following officers of the class of December, '06 were elected the last part of last term, and are as follows: Pres., Howard Fassett; Vice-Pres., Ida Spence; Sect'y, Grace Renner; Treas., Henry Jackson.

The meetings of the class have been very enthusiastic.

The dance, which the class is to give, promises to be a very swell affair. The date is set for the 23rd of February, and the bids have already been printed. The music, refreshments and decorations have been planned with the greatest care, and promise to be the most elaborate ever seen at the High School dance.

The class of June, 1907 organized in the early part of the term. The officers are: Pres., Monte Haslett; Vice-Pres., "Fritz" Claxton, Sec., Miss M. Anderson; Treas., Don Bailey; Executive Committee, Meredith Parker, Miss Haslett, Miss Cameron; Constitution Committee, Miss Yates, Mr. Sepulveda, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Claxton; Pin Committee; Harry Sepulveda, chairman, Don Bailey, "Fritz" Claxton, Miss D'Evelyn and Miss Harber.

PI DELTA KOPPA

The class of December, 1909 organized at a highly enthusiastic meeting, held January 25, 1906. The election for the various officers resulted as follows: Pres., George Montgomery; Vice-Pres., Miss E. Wittman; Sec't'y, "Percivale" Seagrave; Treas., Miss M. Vaughn.

With such officers the class is assured of an enjoyable and successful term.

DELTA SIGMA THETA

Since the beginning of the term Eta of Pi Delta Koppa Fraternity has pledged Jack Miller and Spencer Brush.

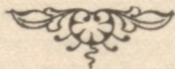
The Delta chapter of Delta Sigma Theta looks forward to a very prosperous year. An initiation will be held in the near future, at which Ida Spence, Grace Renner, Norma Whitney, and Marion Troy will become members.

ALPHI PI

Alpha Pi was instituted among the boys of the upper classes in the school on November 8, 1905. The chief design of the new honor society is to raise the general tone of scholarship among the higher classmen. To this end, at least a second section in each subject, is maintained by its members, and will be the primary requirement for admission. There are ten charter members, with Dr. Thompson, who is an honorary member.

The constitution of the new society is almost directly copied from that of the Chi Rho Omega fraternity of Kenyon Academy, at Gambier, Ohio. A chapter was founded some years ago in one of the Secondary Schools of San Francisco, and it is through this medium that the Alameda society has been founded. While the Alpha Pi is largely based on Chi Rho Omega, it is not, at the present time, officially connected with it.

Alpha Pi opens in the Alameda High School with a most encouraging outlook.





THE LYCEUM.

DEBATING NOTES

At the opening of the new term vigorous efforts were begun, as a final attempt, to revive debating, once for all, and to reorganize the Lyceum. But all to no avail. With its usual indifference of late, to all forensic achievement, the school failed to give its needed support. Members refused to take active responsibility, intrants who are depended upon to make the team withdraw from the tryouts, and whenever debating was mentioned, it provoked a thoughtless laugh among the students. Meanwhile a League debate had been scheduled between Alameda and Oakland High Schools for March 17th. A committee from the Lyceum had chosen a question and submitted it to Oakland. Oakland had already picked its team. We were careful to conceal the fact that we had no team, and that those upon whom we depended had been forced (so they thought) to withdraw, until the final time of reckoning February 16th when the choice of sides should have been returned to us, and active work on the debate commenced. At the present time, within a few days of the final date, no sufficient material has as yet presented itself available to uphold the honor of the school in the Debating League and to make up a respectable team. Such is the condition of affairs at the present writing, even the most earnest efforts must prove fruitless. The following details will suffice to show to what extent our prospects have failed to materialize.

The first meeting of the Lyceum was held January 19th, when the officers for the present term were installed. President, Irene Welp; Vice-President, David Clark; Secretary, Mabel Usinger, Treasurer, Don Bailey. Seventeen members were present who showed considerable interest, unanimously voted that the Lyceum remain an active member of the League, and instructed their delegate to the Board of Managers, Miss Usinger, to arrange for a League Debate with Oakland High. The debate was arranged for March 17 and a special meeting of the Lyceum was held at once to arrange for tryouts. At that time the following were favorably disposed to enter: Miss Welp, Mr. Claxton, Miss Collins, Miss Genevieve Johnson, Mr. Simonson, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Parkinson and Mr. Culbert. A committee composed of Mr. Bartlett, Miss Welp, and Miss Usinger submitted the following question to the Oakland team, with the understanding that the same question would be debated in our tryouts: "Resolved, that the Interstate Commerce Commission be given final power, upon each special case arising to fix a maximum railroad rate."

It is not pleasant to dilate upon succeeding events—how our best material was unfortunately forced to withdraw because of sickness, studies, etc., how others backed out because of indifference, leaving us in a particularly awkward and critical position; either to make up a team before Oakland returns her choice of sides on February 16, or to default the debate, withdraw from the League, and thereby publish broadcast the humiliating fact that debating is dead in the Alameda High, and that it was impossible to procure even three students to uphold her former forensic prestige. We submit the problem to the school and the lower classmen to solve, hoping perchance they may relieve the Lyceum from its present difficulty.

M. H. U. '06.





—NOTICE—

Please send all jokes for this department on thin paper so that the editor can see through them.

Frank Lawrence says he doesn't remember having done any queening—we can just imagine!

Has anyone seen Midge Emmons' "Scrub" Brush?

Miss Garretson (in girl's study hall). "Mr. Fassett, as you are the only boy in here, don't you want to go into the boy's study hall? Suit yourself." H. F. (looking at E. L. F.) "I'll stay here."

OVERHEARD IN THE OFFICE

Dr. Thompson (after answering the phone) "Master Hughes, go find Chauncy Eastman and tell him his mama wants him to go home."

Chauncy,—does your mother know you're out?

"Hello, Jenkins! Glad to see you're back from the front."

"What! I know I'm thin, but I didn't know you could see my back from the front."

H. Nason (J. B. Comp.) Reserve a lower berth for train for Chicago.

He sits apart, the dance goes on

He looks with saddened gaze upon the merry throng;

And why: Because he's been betrayed by one he trusted.

His suspender button's busted.—Ex.

ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL

January 9, 1906.

Know all men by these presents, that we, the undersigned, students of the Alameda High School, do hereby present the following resolutions in view of the fact that our beloved faculty has ordered us to arise from our downy couches on certain morns, at the unearthly hour of 8 a. m., and wend our way unto our beautiful institution of learning, where we may partake of Prof. Minium's lore in Physics. Oh! murderers of our slumbers harken unto our appeals:

Resolved:—1.—That every member of the class shall be presented with an alarm clock (worth at least 45 cents) warranted not to go

- off Account Prof. Minium.
 2.—Breakfast to be served in the school building..... Kindness Prof. Minium
 3.—All experiments to be performed and written up by an efficient assistant Generosity Prof. Minium.
 4.—Good automobile service maintained to convey members of the class to and from recitations Account Prof. Minium.
 P. S.—(the undersigned) Ted Lynch, Deac Brush, Joe Emmal and others.

4—Good automobile service maintained to convey members of the class to and from recitations.

Account Prof. Minium.
 P. S. (The undersigned) Ted Lynch, Deac Brush, Joe Emmal and others.

Young Jefferies, alias Fat Frick, wants to match himself with any other good featherweight. Freshmen preferred.

THE SONG OF FRITZ AND MONTE.

One step won't take you very far,
 You've got to keep on walking;
 One word won't tell folks what you are
 You've got to keep on talking.
 One inch won't make you very tall,
 You've got to keep on growing;
 One little "Ad." won't do it all
 You've got to keep 'em going.

Umpire (at game)—Fowl!

Freshie—Where are the feathers?

Umpire—You goose! They're a picked team.—Ex.

A high carnival of song is shortly to be held in the Assembly Hall. Gents \$1.00, ladies free. The proceeds to be devoted to the Lyceum Debating Society. The following selections will be rendered:

"Just One (?) Girl" Brick Innes

"My Merry Oldsmobile" (Duet) .. Bunny Dexter and Lee Scott

"Palms of Victory" The Baseball Team

"I'm on the Water Wagon Now" Russ Baker

"When You at Last are Mine" ... S. Holland (to his diploma)

"Oh! the Girls, the Lovely, Lovely, Girls Heine Jackson

If You Ain't Got No Money You Needn't Come Aroud...

..... Deac Brush

During the intermission, Master Everts, the celebrated Boy Saprano, by special request of (nobody) will render that pathetic little ballad entitled—"Take back your heart—I ordered liver."

"An hour bluffed is an hour gained"

"A cutting student gathers no "rec's."

DIRECTIONS FOR RAINY DAYS

1. Regular Ferry service will connect with the Santa Clara avenue cars.
 2. Pupils will not be counted tardy.
 3. No examinations or written lessons will be given.
 4. No more than fifty girls will be allowed in the furnace room at one time.
 5. All dogs, no matter how muddy or wet will be permitted to enter the high school. The faculty approved of kindness to animals.
-

Mr. G. W. Wallace Jr. has left. The josh department has gone into mourning.

An attempt has been made to revive debating. Somehow it seems determined to die.

We are pleased to welcome Mr. Carlos Soloman. He has a rep. for the josh box.

Information concerning Annaolis can be obtained from Miss Deetken.

Joshes are the only things scarcer than Low Senior bid.

Notice to class treasurers. Try Lynch's patent dues-extractor.

We congratulate you, Hinck. Ida doesn't put her arms around every fellow.

Miss Hohfeld says literature always reflects a man's life. If that is so Lynch has had lots of trouble with cooks.

What a fine chance the eclipse on the 8th offered for queening.

History students are much interested in Chick Eggers' unique Acorn signs.

Day by day did Leland meet her.

Day by day he asked her there:

"Will you go to the Low Senior,

With me? Answer, maiden fair!"

Still she dallied, still is dallying,

Will not answer yea or nay;

But he still the question asks her,

On the stairs there, day by day.

If you have seen a lower classman with a hungry look in his eyes and a determined expression on his face you will know he is after a Low Senior bid.

Miss Haworth dictated this problem in Trig: Given the length of the ship above the water line and the height of the mainmast.

Required to find the age of the captain.

The class isn't wise yet.

OUR MANAGER

There's a jolly little (?) fellow
 By the name of Russell B
 He's manager of everything
 That any one can see.

He has talent for arranging games
 And finding baseball stars
 They say he's now arranging
 For a "final" game with Mars.

In the midst of every season
 There are tickets to be sold
 And in raising cash at all times
 His zeal is never cold.

I sometimes think with terror
 When he has gone away
 And cannot manage baseball
 How will they ever play!

 IN 2006 A. D.

Come, Johnny, take your predigested Latin;
 Your English capsules take without delay;
 This shredded Algebra is said to fatten;—
 Your History tablet, to;—Now you may play.

 HANK'S TALE OF WOE

Hank is a persecuted man.
 I'll tell you why as best I can;
 Whene're he goes abroad, they say
 The girls all stand along his way
 And as he passes each one by
 She clasps her hands and thus does cry:
 "Oh, Alan lovely Alan, pray
 All joshes on me throw away,
 For oh, I fear the dreadful knocks
 They have put into the Acorn box."

A Freshman stood on the burning deck
 And as far as we could learn,
 He stood in perfect safety, for
 He was too green to burn.—Ex.

SYNOPSIS OF COMUS

(Written after cramming for a geometry.)

Enter Attendant Sprite who states the theorem.

Enter omus and band of revellers who play a few subtended cords and dance. Enter lady attempting to find the shortest distance between two points. Comus offers to find it for her and leads her off. Enter her brothers trying to prove that angle A equals angle B. They are met by the Attendant Sprite who assures them that if they can find angle C they are safe. In the meantime the lady has been chained and Comus is forcing her to take an ex on Loci of Points when the brothers rush in assisted by Sabrina and force him to let her off and the Attendant sprite—Goodness, what have I written? I guess I'm getting ready for Stockton.

How's this for a Scrub: "Say, if you are absent and lose a study-period do you have to make that up to?"

Mr. Barlett looked with a frightened face upon the "students" and remarked in a trembling voice, "I'm sure I don't know why I'm here."

Dr. Thompson is right. All Nason needs is some scenery.

Did anyone say "Gym?" No? Well we have tennis and basketball courts by our own efforts—so why not a "Gym," to? z

Here's to debating—may it rest in peace.

From all reports a noted Lick student is having a Gay time.

The "Count de Bon Ton" did not return. But there are others just as fresh.

Since the June '06's have become high seniors there have been a number of severe cases of enlarged cranium. Sad! Isn't it?

It is with joy that we behold the smiling countenance of Mr. Bussell again.

We are all anxious to see the Senior A show.

It is said that at the beginning of the term the well known name of Jimmy Britt was on Miss Jordan's list. We wonder how it got there.

No longer does "We love our teacher" adorn the board in room 13. The Juniors have transferred their affections to Mr. Bartlett. They even gave him a Christmas (?) tree.

Russ has the distinction of being tardy twice as often as any one else in the Senior B class.

The "burning question of the day" is—who is "Ted's bestest" this term.

Professor A. H. Cogswell actually said in Senior Latin "Una is feminine, singular masculine."

Notice to Lloyd Burton, "Snipe" and other skaters. The Central avenue rink is now open. Hours—8:30 to 8:45 and 12 to 1. No charge for admission. No skates supplied. Pedestrians please use Santa Clara or Alameda avenue.

Said the despairing josh-writer, "Any joshes?" Said the facetious Middler, "Sure, you are the josh of the season."

Unto the Scrub we give the joyful hand

And then we rough-house him to "beat the band."

The Juniors are as fresh as ever.

Louis Scheeline

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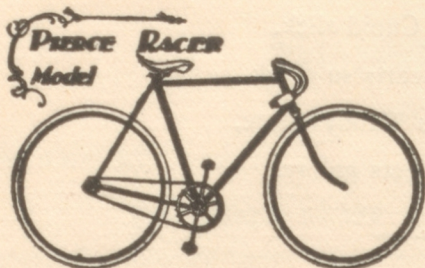
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